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Manus O'Donnell's noble mind,
 Had he but heard of thy disasters,
 O, fortress of the regal towers,
 Would suffer deepest anguish for thee !
 Could Hugh, the son of Hugh, behold
 The desolation of thy once white walls,
 How bitter, O, thou palace of the kings,
 His grief would be for thy decline and fall !
 If thus thou couldst have been beheld
 By Hugh Roe, who demolished thee,
 Methinks his triumph and delight would cease,
 Thou beautiful, time-hallowed house of Fertas !
 O, never was it dreamed that one like him,
 That one sprung from the Tirconnellians,
 Could bring thee to this woeful state,
 Thou bright-streamed fortress of the embellished walls !
 From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own king,
 From him has come this melancholy blow,
 This demolition of thy walls and towers,
 O, thou forsaken fortress o'er the Easky !
 Yet was it not because he wished thee ill
 That he thus left thee void and desolate ;
 The king of the successful tribe of Dalach
 Did not destroy thee out of hatred.
 The reason that he left thee as thou art
 Was lest the black ferocious strangers
 Should dare to dwell within thy walls,
 Thou fair-proportioned, speckled mansion !
 Lest we should ever call thee theirs,
 Should call thee in good earnest *Dun-na-gall*,
 This was the reason, Fortress of the Gaels,
 That thy fair turrets were o'erthrown.
 Now that our kings have all been exiled hence
 To dwell among the reptiles of strange lands,
 It is a woe for us to see thy towers,
 O, bright fort of the glossy walls !
 Yet, better for thee to be thus destroyed
 By thine own king than that the truculent Galls
 Should raise dry mounds and circles of great stones
 Around thee and thy running waters !
 He who has brought thee to this feebleness,
 Will soon again heal all thy wounds,
 So that thou shalt not sorrow any more,
 Thou smooth and bright-walled mansion !
 As doth the surgeon, if he be a true one,
 On due examination of his patient,
 Thy royal chief has done by thee,
 Thou shield and bulwark of the race of Coffey !
 The surgeon, on examining his patient,
 Knows how his illness is to be removed,
 Knows where the secret of his health lies hid,
 And where the secret of his malady.
 Those members that are gangrened or unsound
 He cuts away from the more healthy trunk
 Before they mortify, and so bring death
 Without remead upon the sufferer.
 Now, thy disease is obviously the Galls,
 And thy good surgeon is thy chief, O'Donnell,
 And thou thyself, thou art the prostrate patient
 O, green-hued mansion of the race of Dolach !
 With God's will; and by God's permission,
 Thy beauty shall yet put to shame thy meanness,
 Thy variegated courts shall be rebuilt
 By that great Chief who laid thee low !
 As Hugh Roe, king of the Connellians
 Was he who laid thy speckled walls in ruins,
 He will again renew thy greatness,
 Yes, he will be thy best physician !

P.

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep oneself from falling, than having fallen into, to stay oneself from falling infinitely.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

If there be an object truly ridiculous in nature, it is an American patriot, signing resolutions of independence with the one hand, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves.—*Day.*

OUR SENSATIONS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

MAN has been somewhere described as a "bundle of sensations;" and certainly if ever sensations were capable of being packed together, they would make a bundle, and a good large one too. I am not a physiologist, or even a doctor, so cannot pretend to speak very learnedly on this subject: but as we all in common have "our sensations," he must be rather a dull fellow, I should think, who would have nothing to say when they were laid upon the table for discussion. Even if he were a Jew, he might repeat with Shylock, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" and so on.

When one considers the amazing number and variety of the feelings, or perceptions arising out of impressions on the senses, of which we are capable, we discover a new and interesting proof that we are indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." I was struck by this fact the other day, on hearing a young medical student say that he had been reading a "descriptive catalogue" of "pains," which had been made out with great care for the use of the profession. People, when going to consult a physician, are often at a loss to describe the manner in which they are affected, and particularly the nature and character of the painful sensation that afflicts them. To assist them in this respect, and the physician in obtaining a correct idea of the case, this catalogue was made out, and highly useful I think it must be for the proposed end. The patient may thus readily meet with something answering to his own case, and lay his finger on the classification that suits him. I am sorry I have not the list by me, for I am sure it would be a curious novelty to many. There are however in it the "dull, aching pain," the "sharp pricking pain," the pendulum-like "going-and-returning pain," the "throbbing pain," the "flying-to-the-head and sickening pain," the hot-scalding or burning pain, the pins and needles or nettle pain, pains deep seated and pains superficial, and, in short, an infinite variety, made out with nice discrimination, and all taken, I dare say, from life. None indeed could have drawn it out but one who had studied in some lazaret-house, wherein, as Milton describes,

"were laid
 Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture; qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds;
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs—
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs"—&c. &c.

There is a variety in *pain*, then, as well as in every thing else; but it is a variety in which few, I believe, ever found a "charm" experimentally. But there is a special wonder in the matter which forces us to exclaim, "What a piece of workmanship is man!" We are here speaking of sensations, or of perceptions arising from our bodily structure; and to these perceptions it is plainly necessary that there should be a chain of communication between the part of the body affected, and the sensorium, or seat of perception in the brain. I remember being amused with the surprise of an intelligent little girl, who complained of a sore finger, and a pain "in the finger," on hearing for the first time that the pain was not "in her finger," but in *her own perception of it*. It seemed a contradiction to her immediate experience; but on being shown that the pain she felt ceased when the nervous communication between the finger and the brain was interrupted, which could be easily done by a ligature placed above the part affected, she readily understood the distinction sought to be conveyed to her mind, namely, the difference between a diseased action in any part of the body, and our painful perception of its existence. There must be a "nerve" to "telegraph" the fact to the mind, otherwise the fact would not be consciously known. Well, then, this being the case, only consider what an infinite number of these nerves there must be in the human body, merely for the purpose of conveying disagreeable impressions, or what I may call *bad news*, to headquarters! They are very useful, it is true; but like other messengers of unpleasant intelligence, not much in favour. It is dangerous, however, to do them any harm. My readers have heard perhaps of the farrier who used to cure lame horses so rapidly, that he was the astonishment of all who consulted him. A horse would be brought to him scarce putting his toe to the ground, limping and shambling in a miserable manner, and, as if by magic, this veterinary artist would send him trotting off to all appearance quite cured. His

secret consisted in dividing the nerve, or, as I may say, slaying the messenger of evil: the consequence of which was, that the poor horse, no longer conscious of the malady in his hoof, leaned heavily upon it, and ultimately became incurably lamed for life.

So much as to our sensations of *pain*. But fortunately for us there is another class, and this comprising, according to some, a family very nearly if not altogether as numerous—I mean our sensations of the pleasurable kind. “Man,” saith the Scripture, “roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.” This includes the comforts of a good dinner, and a cheerful fire-side on a winter’s evening, and most people will agree with me these are no bad things, especially with a group of happy smiling faces about us. The inlets to our agreeable perceptions are certainly not so numerous as those to the opposite kind, as we are approachable by pain from every part of the body without exception, but it is otherwise with our “notions of the agreeable.” However, they can reach us in tolerable abundance through the eye, the ear, the taste (including the smell), and the touch. It may be as well to record here, for the benefit of posterity—as with the rapid increase of railroads, and other improved modes of travelling and living in these days, it stands a chance of being forgotten hereafter—that to one who has been up all night in a close coach, “four inside,” or has dined at a Lord’s Mayor’s inauguration dinner, partaking largely of the good things, the warm bath is a highly agreeable and efficacious restorative, and that he is indebted in this case to the entire envelope of his epidermis, and not to any one part in particular, for the pleasing sensation he experiences. There are other modes of exciting the pleasurable on this wholesale plan, such as shampooing, as it is practised in the east, and suddenly plunging into the snow after stewing in vapour, as they do in Russia, and so on; but as I have never myself been “done” by any of these processes, I do not take upon me to recommend them. I am not an advocate for tickling. The laughter which it excites is one to which we give way with reluctance, and its pleasure is equivocal. I have seen poor children tickled nearly to death, and feel a great horror of that mode of making my exit from all the consciousness that belong to this mortal coil.

As to the innumerable sensations of agreeableness which we may receive through the eye, including all that may be seen—the ear encompassing all the concords of sweet sounds—the warbling of birds—the voice of the beloved, and all the melody of song—through the taste, with all its varieties—what gives to the peach its melting richness?—to generous wine its elevating gentlemanliness of flavour?—to meats, soups, and sauces, all their delicious gusto?—to the rose its sweetness?—to the cinnamon tree and the orange grove their spicy fragrance? Whence come all the delightful visions of the opium-eater? He lives whilst under the influence of the drug in a world of ecstasy: his soul teems with the most pleasing fancies; all around him is soft and soothing; whatever he sees or hears, ministers to delight.

If you have never lit your cigar as you sallied forth with dog and gun on a fine December morning, let me tell you, gentle reader, that you have missed a sensation worth getting up to enjoy. But not to lose ourselves in a wilderness of sweets, or to forget our great argument, what is the immediate cause of all these so agreeable effects? Why, a peculiar organization of our bodies, fitted to receive every imaginable impression from without, whether of the painful or the agreeable kind, and to transmit that impression, when received, to the seat of perception within.

We call it the nervous system; and what I would beg my readers to consider is, how wonderful, how curious, above all comprehension or explanation, that apparatus in our construction must be, to which we owe such an infinite variety of sensations, and those of the most opposite kinds! It baffles the skill of the anatomist to unveil its mysteries: no needle can trace its ligaments; yet it is a real, substantial thing, of whose existence we have perfect assurance by the very palpable effects which it produces.

Thus much for our different and various sensations arising from outward impressions; but there is yet a third class, in which, by a sort of reflection, our nerves perform an important function, and transmit the action begun in the *mind* to the *seat of emotion*, or the soul. Hence the joy of the mathematician at the discovery of some important problem, or of the poet at hitting upon some long-sought-for rhyme with an-

swering metre. In such cases the mind, or pure intellect, *originates*, and the body “takes the signal” from it. There is a reciprocity between them, and it is well when, like some loving couples, they dwell on good terms together. When, happily, this is the case, there is much peace “at home:” the senses do not seek for gratifications which the mind disapproves, and the mind does not apply to them for pleasures which are forbidden.

However, I shall not enter upon this further disquisition—highly interesting though it be—at present, but shall reserve it in order that we may resume it with due deliberation, and do it that justice which it so well deserves, at another opportunity. F.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS—GHOSTS AND FAIRIES. THE RIVAL KEMPERS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

(Second Article.)

IN a former paper we gave an authentic account of what the country folks, and we ourselves at the time, looked upon as a genuine instance of apparition. It appeared to the simple-minded to be a clear and distinct case, exhibiting all those minute and subordinate details which, by an arrangement naturally happy and without concert, go to the formation of truth. There was, however, but one drawback in the matter, and that was the ludicrous and inadequate nature of the moral motive; for what unsteady and derogatory notions of Providence must we not entertain when we see the order and purposes of his divine will so completely degraded and travestied by the fact of a human soul returning to this earth again for the ridiculous object of settling the claim to a pair of breeches!

When we see the succession to crowns and kingdoms, and the inheritance to large territorial property and great personal rank, all left so completely undecided that ruin and desolation have come upon nations and families in attempting their adjustment, and when we see a laughable dispute about a pair of breeches settled by a personal revelation from another life, we cannot help asking why the supernatural intimation was permitted in the one case and not in the other, especially when their relative importance differed so essentially? To follow up this question, however, by insisting upon a principle so absurd, would place Providence in a position so perfectly unreasonable and capricious, that we do not wish to press the inference so far as admission of divine interference in such a manner would justify us in doing.

Having detailed the case of Daly’s daughter, however, we take our leave of the girl and the ghost, and turn now to another case which came under our own observation in connection with Frank Martin and the fairies. Before commencing, however, we shall by way of introduction endeavour to give our readers a few short particulars as to fairies, their origin, character, and conduct. And as we happen to be on this subject, we cannot avoid regretting that we have not by us copies of two most valuable works upon it from the pen of our learned and admirable countryman, Thomas Keightley—we allude to his *Fairy Mythology* and his *History of the Transmission of Popular Fictions*; two works which cannot be perused without delight at the happy manner in which so much learning and amusement, so much solid information, and all that is agreeable in extensive research, are inimitably combined. We are sorry, we repeat, that we have them not by us; but we trust that we may on some early occasion be allowed to notice them at greater length, and to give them a more formal recommendation to our countrymen.

With the etymology of the word fairy we do not intend in a publication like this to puzzle our readers. It is with the tradition connected with the *thing* that we have to do, and not with a variety of learned speculations, which appear after all to be yet unsettled. The general opinion, in Ireland at least, is, that during the war of Lucifer in heaven the angels were divided into three classes. The first class consisted of those faithful spirits who at once and without hesitation adhered to the standard of the Omnipotent; the next consisted of those who openly rebelled and followed the great apostate, sharing eternal perdition along with him; the third and last consisted of those who, during the mighty clash and uproar of the contending hosts, stood timidly aloof and refused to join either power. These, says the tradition, were hurled out of heaven, some upon earth and some into the waters of the earth, where they are to remain ignorant of their fate until